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Nevada City Nugget

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Vol. 18, No. 47. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1944.

Thinking Out Loud

By H. M. L.

They are not telling us here at home just how large is the price we are paying for a beachhead on the coast of Normany. At least, not yet. We doubt if that is of primary concern to the military leaders for the moment. But to all fathers and mothers of sons who were in England at the time the invasion opened on June 6th, it is of vital importance that thus far the struggle for a foothold in France is suceeeding. The sooner the Hun is beaten to his knees. the sooner our young men can return. Some of them have written that they expect to be home sometime in September. We hope they have sound reason for thinking so.

There is a vast deal of speculation going on, regarding what will happen to the American troops in Europe when Germany capitulates. It would be fair to suppose that most of the troops, all but the late comers in that theatre would come home, and that those troops nearly, if not quite one half of the total under arms, now in this country will carry the battle to the battle to the Japs. Balanced against this consideration is the knowledge that the army leaders prefer seasoned troops, those who have experienced battle. Probably not all those troops now engaged in the French and Italian fronts will be released when the Germans are beaten.

It would seem reasonable to expect that very few men in the navy will be released when Hitler and his Nazis quit. For the war against Japan must remain largely a sea and air war. Armies will be needed on the mainland of Asia to carry on the work of extirpation, if war in the South Seas indicates its character, but in the main the job would seem to be one of throttling the Japanese home islands by blockades, and for this, of course, the sea and air forces ar especially efficient. It can reasonably be expected then that when victory is accomplished in Europe, the massed navies of the world will tackle the "co-prosperity" sphere.

While we know that General MacArthur is determined to return to the Philippines, we think it not improbable that our troops may be landed on the China coast first. This would cut the water line of communications to Indo-China, Singapore, the Philippines, and all the Dutch East Indies, and also afford a base for air attacks on Japan proper. It may well be that such a landing is not for in the future.

Naturally all our attention here at home is centered on the coast of France. We hope that the reports we receive will carry the facts without optimism or embroideries of any kind. We have grown very, very tired of headlines that tell only the good news. We want all the news, the good and bad, and we want itas soon as possible, the moment it ceases to be of value to the enemy.

Most people in this country, we believe are very proud of the conduct of our soldiers abroad, both in encampments and on battle fronts. But we are certainly not proud of General Patton, and the brigadier general demoted and sent home. We were ready to forgive Patton for slapping an invalid soldier, on the supposition that any man can have an attak of nerves in the midst of a battle or immediately afterward. But when Patton's public utterances about a world to be ruled by Britain and the United States, bring shame on us all, it is about time he were sent home and demoted. The brigadier who gave away the approximate date of invasion, should have been cashiered, not demoted. Both these worthies were speaking undoubtely under the influence of liquor, which indicates how thoroughly unfitted for their high responsibilities they were.

AERONAUTICS BOARD TO HOLD HEARING AUG. 1

A formal hearing on the numerous applications for expansion of air transportation to smaller Pacific Coast cities and towns will be held before the Civil Aeronautics Board on August 1, according to advices received here today. There are approximately 20 applicants involved in the consolidated hearing, including existing air carriers who wish to expand their routes, surface carriers who have asked for permission to conduct air operations and new aviation companies petitioning for extensive feeder airline system.

The board has not yet determined the place at which the hearing is to be held, according to Southwest Airways, one of the pioneer feeder line applicants. James G. Ray, company vice president reported. "There is a very good chance this hearing will be held in some large city here on the Pacific Coast."

The date for the start of the formal hearing, which is expected to take part from two to three weeks to complete, was announced by the board examiners who conducted the recent prehearing conference on the applications in Washington.

FEEDER AIRLINE IN PROSPECT FOR GRASS VALLEY

Keith Monroe, representative of the Ryan Aeronautical Company, will be the guest of the Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce at dinner Wednesday evening, June 14th, in Bret Harte Inn. The dinner is sponsored by the chamber's aviation committee of which Dr. O. F. Lang is chairman.

Monroe will speak on the topic of Grass Valley's prospects of obtaining a feeder airline in post war days. He has already made a preliminary survey, gathering economic data during April, which will be used in the company's argument before the Civil Aeronautics Board. He has stated that Grass Valley is one of 119 California cities for which his company is seeking permission to provide with a daily air service.

RURAL SCHOOLS GRADUATES GET DIPLOMAS

County Superintendent of Schools Walter Carlson reports that some rural schools held their final graduation exercises and adjourned for vacation last week, while others ended their year last Friday. Carlson also stated that most of the rural teachers now serving would be at their posts when school opens in the fall.

Graudates

Eighth grade graduates from the rural schools were: Birchville (Mrs. Florence Harper, teacher), Betty Eleanor Jaynes and Donald Ray Browning; Blue Tent (Mrs. Lydia Gleason, teacher), Richard Harold Anderson; Chicago Park (Mrs. Olive Kallenberger, teacher), Marjorie Smith and David Kinross; Indian Springs (Mrs. Marion Loney, teacher) Joie Loney and Lowell Robinson; Kentucy Flat (Mrs. Rose Beck, teacher), Neil Etherington and La Verne Leslie Kilpatrick; North San Juan (Mrs. Clara B. Nelson, teacher), Charles P. Bowes, Allen Bryan, Joseph D. Ellsworth and Cyrus L. Rhoades; Oakland (Mrs. Alice Thiebault, (teacher), Sharon Colvin, Richard Deschwanden, Bernalee Gatewood, Emma Joan Havey, John D. McElhannon and Jacqueline Sheldon; Rough and Ready (Mrs. Evadon; Rough and Ready (Mrs. Evadon; Rough and Ready (Mrs. Evad

Nevada City Nugget

305 Broad Street. Phone 36.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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CIVILIAN TASK FORCE: MISSION COMPLETE

So quiet and unspectacular was the withdrawal of the Pacific Coast Aircraft Warning Service that it might easily have remained unnoted that the move marked the official end of the nation's long defensive period and the beginning of a real offensive.

When a few months before Pearl Harbor, machinery for the Warning Service was set up, and by tens of thousands civilians began to enlist for duty at the filter stations and lonely observation posts, enemy attack on this coast was fully expected by the war department. It has been expected ever since, during the three years of feverish war preparation and defensive fighting. It is still a military possibility, but the expectation is neither grim nor desperate now our defenses are fully ready and waiting. Such an attack by air could be accomplished only by a suicide force, and it is increasingly apparent that the enemy has few of those to spare from other fronts these days.

Those who made up the civilian "task force", whose job it was to trace and identify all approaching aircraft, day and night, during those first war years, have contributed high service to the nation, and they are rightly honored for their patriotic work. The majority will adopt new wartime duties, but as civilian "reserves" they have been asked to hold in readiness their unique knowledge and training for possible future need.

The fulfillment of their gigantic task and the ending of their important assignment is perhaps the clearest evidence the home front has had of the change from defensive to offensive military action.—Contributed.

MORALITY'S MORTALITY

The casualties of war never are restricted to the wounded and dead left in the wake of battle. During and after every war, moral values have degenerated—and morality's mortality rate in this war is rising rapidly.

Nat Pieper, special agent in charge of FBI in San Francisco, warns that juvenile delinquency in the United States is piling up war casualty lists as grevious as those issued by the armed forces. Nearly 23 per cent of all persons arrested last year reports FBI Agent Pieper, were under 21 years of age. And arrests of young girls last qear increased 130 per cent over 1941, the last peacetime year.

There is no escape from the fact that war breeds a hysterical disregard for accepted moral standards, but that certainly does not mean that we can desrigard the problem and ease our consciences by dismissing the condition as inevitable. Our dangerously mounting juvenile delinquency records are a challenge to the home, the church and the school, as well as our courts and social agencies, to reduce such casualties and to provide rehabilitation where the damage already has been done. Most of all the obligation rests on parents, for a sound sense of values and strong moral standards, instilled at home, are still the best guarantee that youngsters will have the moral fiber they so badly need in tody's war-rocked world.—Contributed.

DECLINE AND FALL OF ROME

As military history will record it, the fall of the Italian capital to allied forces sweeping up from Anzio and converging at its gates from south and east, will be the story of the battle, the flight and the capture.

The world that watched the Italian drama over the years will remember that the fall of Rome began long ago, just as the early Roman Empire endured a period of decline before its fall. For modern Rome, the decadent years began when Mussolini adopted the robes of the dictator, fell worshipper to the gospel of force, adopted the militaristic creed of aggression from his shrewder neighbor, Adolph Hitler.

Rome has witnessed hunger and sadness and bloodshed among the Italian people during the years of fascist dictatorship. The ancient city has looked down on the wholesale killing in the cause of tyranny on battle under banners chosen, not by the Italian people, but dictated by a German madman.

The decline of Rome over a few brief years has been no less dramatic, no less tragic than the long decline of its empire centuries ago.

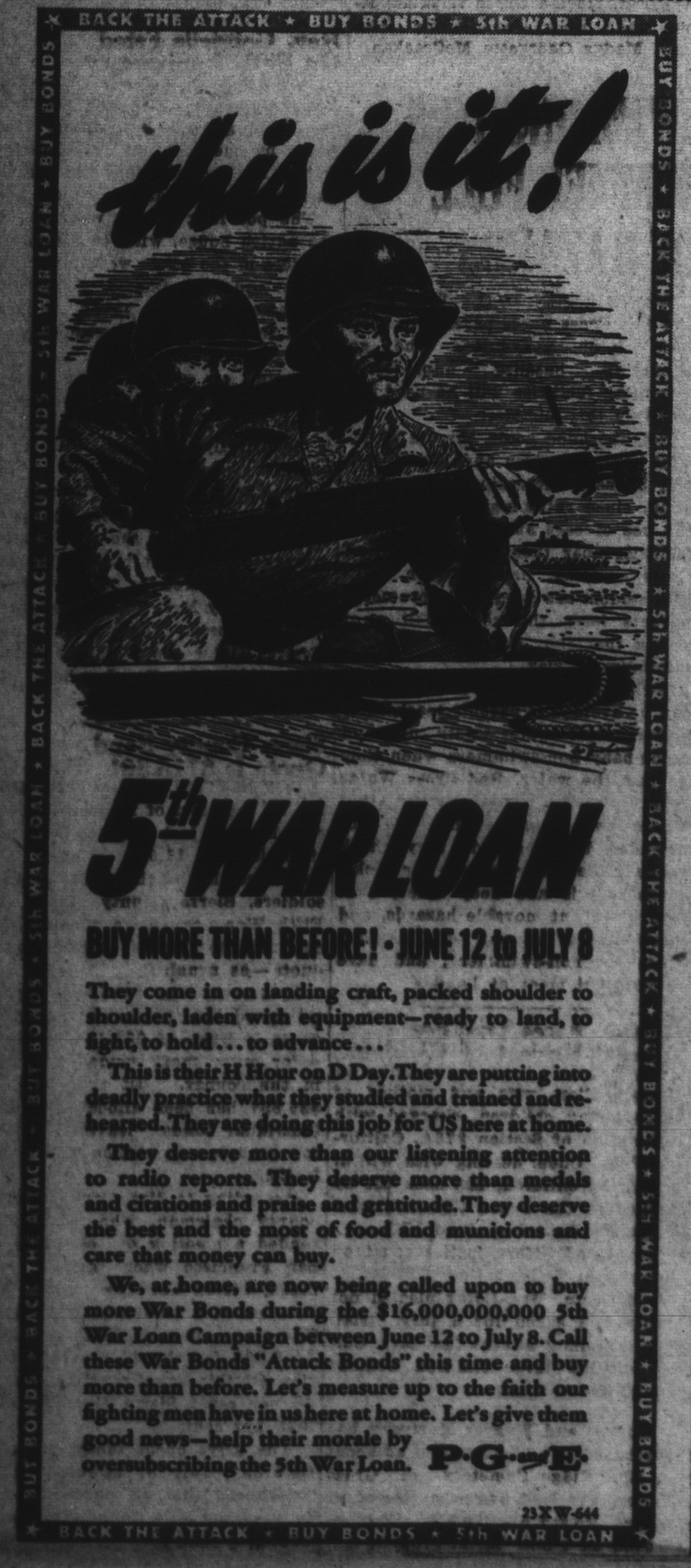
With Pope Pius refusing steadfastly to forsake the Vatican under offers of nazi "protection" and with increasing aid for the allies springing from the Italian underground the fall of Rome from nazi hands is viewed by Italians seeking to aid in the liberation of their country, not as a capitulation, but as a rescue. That is the manner, we are confident, in which world history will record it.—Contributed.

OUR OVERSEAS ARMY

The announcement by the War Department that this country now has nearly 4,000,000 men overseas, and that this fighting force on foreign soil will reach 5,000,000 by the end of the year, is indicative of the magnitude of this global war.

There can be no discounting of the fearful ordeal ahead, but the tremendous power of our striking force, coupled with that of our allies, may hasten the end and save thousands of lives. Allied strategy calls for the use of overwhelming force both to reduce the chances of disaster and in the hope of shortening the war and thereby reducing the toll of dead and wounded.

Today, there is hardly a home in this community, or in any city or town in all America, that hasn't some loved one in that great overseas army, or in training to become a part of it. But even in our anxiety as the time nears for an all out assault on our enemies, there is reassurance in the fact that our men no longer go into battle with "too little, too late." The very magnitude of our overseas fighting force is the best possible guarantee against needless losses.—Contributed.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We, at home, are now being called upon to buy more War Bonds during the $16,000,000,000 5th War Loan Campaign between June 12 to July 8. Call these War Bonds "Attack Bonds" this time and buy more than before. Let's measure up to the faith our fighting men have in us here at home. Let's give them good news—help their morale by oversubscribing the 5th War Loan.
P·G·and·E·
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BACK THE ATTACK ★ BUY BONDS ★ 5th WAR LOAN

BERKELEY HAS U.S. LARGEST PENICILLIN LAB.

The Cutter Laboratories in Berkeley have become one of America's greatest producers of penicillin—the wonder drug that kills bacteria, halts infection, speeds the healing of wounds and is a major factor in keeping the war's fatalities the lowest in history. In a large new $750,000 plant, built and equipped especially for the purpose, Cutter turns out steading increasing quantities of the potent life saver for army and navy hospitals are for limited civilian use.

Penicillin is produced by penicillium notatum, a species of mold similar to that which grows on bread, oranges and cheese. It is highly effective against numerous types of bacteria and infectious diseases and is particularly valuable for halting infection in open wounds. An important additional advantage is that it acts without harming the tissue cells. It is administered by injection into the blood stream or the muscles and also used as a wash. It never is administered through the mouth, because the acid in the stomach woud destroy it. Incidentally, penicillin is a liquid, but is dried into crystal like powder for shipment and storage, the reason being that in liquid form it rapidly loses its power. Just before injection the powder is dissolved in distilled water of a saline solution.

Less than two years ago penicillin was a laboratry curiosity in the United States. It was accidentally dissovered in England in 1928 by Prof. Alexander Fleming of St. Mary's Hospital in London, but, although the mold was preserved, little or nothing was done toward producing the drug until war brought the need of such an anti bacterial agent.

Part of the original strain of mold was sent to this country from England and early in 1941 the Cutter Laboratories received a test tube of mold seeds. From that test tube came a pilot plant and then the $750,000 establishment, which went into full production in January of this year with even more potent varieties of the mold than the original strain. Cutter's penicillin research work was conducted by Dr. Howard W. Kinegarden and D. S. K. Pilcher and production of the drug is carried on under their direction by sixty scientists and many other workers.

Operations in the Cutter penicillin plant begin with the washing, sterilizing and drying of two quart bottles. Into them an automatic machine puts pre-determined quantities of liquid culture on which the mold will grow. Next they are plugged with cotton stoppers to keep out bacteria but allow access of air, after which they spend a period in the huge sterilizers to assure that the liquid is absolutely sterile.

From the sterilizers the bottles go by electric conveyor to a completely sterile room where, under ultra-violet lamps, young women laboratory technicians plant axect quantities of mold solution in the culture. Then the conveyo carries the bottles between another set of ultra violet lamps and into the incubator room. There they are stacked on their sides and kept for a week or ten days in a constant temperature while the mold forms and grows.

When the mold reaches the height of its productivity—that is, when it contains as much penicillin as it ever will—the harvesting process starts The bottles are emptied into a large container covered with a fine screen, the mold remaining on top and the liquid straining through. Later the mold is put through a specially designed wringer to remove every last drop. The liquid is chilled by passing over a refrigeration unit and then piped to a big vat. The pure penicillin is extracted by chemical processes and measured into small flasks. In these flasks it is dried into powder and is ready for packing and shipping.

Electricity and gas do a great many important jobs in the Cutter penicillin plant. Electricity operates pumps, agitators, conveyors, fans, refrigeration units, bactericidal lamps and other facilities. Besides, there's an electro-pneumatic system that automatically controls the temperature at all times—a system that works in spite of human errors or mechanical breakdowns. Gas provides heat for several purposes.

GUADALCANAL GETS WOMEN RED CROSS WORKERS

SOLOMON ISLANDS—June 12.—Mountainous Guadalcanal land of teaming jungles and beautiful coconut plantations and once the scene of the most bitter fighting of the South Pacific, is today the forward command post of American Red Cross activity in the Solomon Islands.

Augumented by the recent arrival of the first feminine Red Cross workers on Guadalcanal, about one hundred Red Cross representatives are now spread over the island chain. Included are field men who have gone forward to offer welfare service and health and comfort supplies to troops in the thick of the fighting on New Britain, Bougainville and other forward points of the United Nations' advance.

Many changes in Red Cross have taken place since the hectic days which followed when Dave Oman and Tom Montgomery, veteran field men stepped ashore with the First Marine Division back in August, 1942, In striking contrast to the early days when supplies and personnel were at a premium largely because shipping space was not available, today eleven post clubs and canteens are either in operation or being constructed in the Solomons to serve thousands of army, navy and marine personnel.

Latest popular installation is a clubmobile at Henderson Field which features coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches to sleepy eyed flyers, crews and passengers in the wee small hours of the morning. Aside from the clubmobile which a marine division's Red Cross unit brought to Guadalcanal many months ago, this is the first such vehicle to reach the forward area. Canteens however are in operation elsewhere in the Solomons.

Most of the American Red Cross women, who invaded the Solomons on the heels of a large contingent of nurses, have been assigned to work in hospitals, canteens or clubs on Guadalcanal or the Russels. Others go to outlying rear area camps to conduct organized game night parties. They bring along ample refreshments and good cheer to thousands of lads who through these many months had to be content with just dreaming about civilization and yesteryear.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS

Throwing lawn cuttings, rubbish and trash in streets and roadways of the residential and business area is violation of city law. Property owners and business houses are warned against the practice of this means of disposal.

CITY OF NEVADA.
George Calanan, City Clerk.

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CHAPTER XIII

A man could be wrong as well as right and often both right and wrong in anything he did. One was the same as another like that. When you swapped leaders you only swapped an equal chance of good or bad in a different way. That was what she would know. But Clay could be a convincing cuss when he set himself about it.

Over his corn-meal bread and steaks and coffee he watched toward the cook's wagon with only a curious interest. Steve was over there, too, eating with them. But it was Joy that Clay was working on, making something light of it, with his hat pushed back on his blond head and all of his big face showing her an easy reassurance. He could wheedle her when he wanted to, with a sort of concerned gallantry, his blue eyes going momentarily grave.

Then he could see their talk was coming to a decision, and his first feeling that Clay could get nowhere with Joy left him. For she stood briefly with a little frowning doubt. Steve took her arm and spoke to her. She nodded. They tossed their empty plates at the wreck pan and came on toward the fire.

He was not watching them now. They could have saved that decision, whatever it was. He had his own ace in this game. Stretched out against his bedroll, he looked up and saw the sky's complete darkness. A misty air brushed his face. Without turning his head he knew they had stopped a quarter circle around the fire from him.

"Well, Lew," Clay said.

He brought his eyes around. "School's out, Clay. Class dismissed. Sit down." He grinned at Joy.

"We've got to know your plan," she said.

"All right. We're turning west at dawn." He held out one hand, palm up. "Here's rain coming. Indians won't travel in the wet, so we're safe enough tonight. Isn't that about it?" He glanced at the half ring of men to see what backing he would get. Some of them nodded.

"Spoils their feathers," said Rebel John. "They'll stay under cover now."

"Then we can count on that. If the rain holds tomorrow we can make better than twenty miles to the west. We'll be close to the Texas panhandle by that time. It's thin safety, I know, but we can call on the army if we have trouble off of Indian lands."

"Army!" Clay mocked. "You got any idea where that is?"

"There's a troop," he said, "at Doan's Crossing. I'm sending a man back tonight."

"That all you got?" Clay asked.

"That's all. Keep moving. Except we can make a fight of it if we have to."

"Sure. Against six hundred Indians!"

"Eleven men," he pointed out, "held off more than that at Adobe Walls. But there won't be six hundred bucks. Half of any tribe are squaws." He leaned back on his elbows. He needn't go on with an argument, and yet he wanted Clay to show his hand.

It came forced out with heat, where none was called for, as if Clay needed that fire of temper to bolster him up. "You're right about turning west. But the herd travels too slow. We'll send the wagons on ahead."

"What about splitting the men?" he asked. "You can't divide this outfit now. You'd have no protection anywhere."

"Then send plenty with the wagons. Make sure of that. It's Joy I'm thinking about!"

Maybe. Yet Clay's plan boiled down simply to abandoning the herd. He grinned dryly. "Why not all go with the wagons? Let the Cheyennes take the cows."

"Lew," Steve put in, "Clay's right!"

Lew gave the boy a long straight look. "Steve," he said gently, "you know better than that. You stand there in your dad's boots and tell me to desert four thousand longhorns at the first scare of Indians. You've got more reason than you're telling. That's plain enough. No man with any honest sense would split his crew here or run off either. I won't."

"Then I guess," Steve said flatly, "a showdown's come. Hate to do it, Lew. Clay's taking charge."

Lew stood up. "By owner's vote?"

"That's it."

"You agree, Joy?" he asked.

"Lew, I—" she began and faltered.

"All right," he said. "That's all I wanted to know." He paced toward the three of them slowly. "I wanted to be sure you understood the owner had full power." He pulled a folded sheet of paper from inside his buckskin jacket. "I hadn't intended to show this or use it. Joy—" Keeping the paper in his own hands, he opened it and held it to the firelight for her to read.

The two blond heads bent in close to hers and he followed the lines their eyes were following, written in Tom Arnold's oddly small, rounded script. He passed over the first legal preamble to the meat of what it said: "To Lew Burnet, in the event this will is read while the Cross T herd is still on the trail, full ownership. That ownership to hold until Ogallala is reached and a sale is made. Such money then to be divided half to my son, Steve, half to my daughter, Joy. To Lew Burnet, furthermore, five hundred head of his own choice out of the extras, to be held by him in payment for half interest in his Powder River lands of Wyoming." Ames Strayhorn, Tom Arnold's attorney in Ox Bow, had witnessed and notarized the document.

There was no loophole. Its legality was beyond question, and he couldn't help but feel the compliment of the old man's trust in him.

Joy was the first to look up. Any sudden surprise is hard to take for most people. You come up behind a man and only yell his name and most likely he gets mad. He thought it was that way with the girl now. She stared at him with a quick, bewildered anger. He saw Steve's eyes lift from the paper and strike at Clay, questioning him, all of their old hounded fear suddenly in them again. Of the three this turn seemed to hit Steve the worst. For Clay's reactions were slow at times. His head came up. He stood like a huge bull swelling with his rage.

It burst from him with the madness of one hardly knowing what he said. "This changes nothing!"

"Clay," he said, "that's enough." He could feel the scar across his cheek begin to itch and burn. "You call this a showdown. All right, let's show! Something happened before the start that's made you want to block this herd from going north. Now you think you've got your chance. You'd make Joy an excuse to let it go. Want to hear why? The Open A is coming up behind us. If we lose our herd to the Cheyennes they'll pass with no trouble. There's a stacked deal for you! It's all you want."

He saw Joy's face down beside his shoulder turn from anger to shocked disbelief. She stared at Clay, drew back from both of them suddenly, holding them both with darkly bitter eyes. Without speaking she walked with rigid steps toward her wagon.

The group of men had begun to break up. Joe Wheat rose and came over in his casual walk, a thin slat

"This changes nothing."

of a man with a gaunt, morose face. But there was a thing behind Joe Wheat's morose silences that men understood.

In his quiet drawl he said, "Time for the first guard, ain't it, Lew?" He turned his deeply hollowed eyes on Clay. "Our watch."

It was Wheat's plain statement that there had been no change in bosses. And under those quiet hard eyes some of the stiffness went from Clay Manning's back. With no more the old man started away. Lew followed him past the fire.

"Not you, Joe," he said. "I'm riding guard in your place. You're going back to Doan's." He picked up his saddle, carrying it on to the night-guard horses. "We haven't come more than seventy miles. You can make it by daylight and lead the troop back. They said they wouldn't give me any help in the Nations, but they've got a young lieutenant. He'll come when he knows we have a girl along."

Saddling, he looked past the firelight toward her wagon. Steve was over there, leaning in across the endgate to where she lay motionless on the blankets, her head buried in her arms. It was strange how rarely he thought of them as brother and sister. There was never much between them to show that bond. Yet all of a brother's comfort, for some reason now, was in the way Steve's hand brushed her hair slowly, his lips moving in talk.

Her stillness tugged him. But there was nothing he could do for her himself, nothing more to say. He had used an ace to play this game as he felt it should be played. He had damn well better be right!

Any man, he had known before, can be both right and wrong. He knew he had been right in holding the outfit all together, turning west. But he had been wrong in counting on the rain.

Sometime past the middle of the next morning he saw the first breath of wind stir through a gray curtain of drizzle that had been falling straight down. He dropped back along the herd, feeling the bitter irony that so much could hang upon the direction of a wind.

He pulled to a stop and let the longhorns flow past, waving the men on as the drag end came abreast. Most of the crew were riding back here now, each with a rifle scabbard thrust under his left stirrup leather, stock forward, close to his hand.

They had made a good start, beating the dawn by an hour. The cattle had risen of their own accord from the wet bed ground and would not feed in the rain. They were walking fast. He figured they had already made better than ten miles. Still his main hope had been that when the wind came it would be out of the north—cold and stormy. What he felt against his cheek was a warm, melting breath from the south. It would clear the skies too soon.

In a dead silence, as the clacking thud of the longhorns passed on, he sat facing their back trail where even in this short time a breeze had begun to tear the gray curtain into shreds. As far as he could see the land was as flat as a floor, unbroken by any creek or dangerous hollows of ground.

Five minutes' wait brought him nothing. Riding on, to circle the herd and come in at the point, he fell back upon an old confidence. Texans had met Indians before in overwhelming numbers and got through all right. Except for Joy, he knew he would not be dreading it now.

When he passed her wagon, drawn up close along the point behind Owl-Head Jackson's, he saw that she had her father's frontier forty-four lying on the seat. They hadn't talked this morning. He was going to ride on. She called him over.

"Forget it, Lew." She smiled. "Nothing's bad enough to make you look like that."

"Well," he said, "I got you into this."

"And you'll get us out."

She believed it. Her clear eyes showed him that. He grinned at her. He was suddenly warmed beneath his wet, soaked clothing. "Sure," he said. "We'll get out!"

If only the fool longhorns could grow wings! In another hour the rain had stopped. The herd was grazing now, loose-kneed, heads down, crawling at a slow, tormenting pace. A thick ground mist was left blowing northward. It gave them shelter until sometime past noon.

The lift came abruptly in a layer of fog that rose and hung suspended overhead. He swung out from the herd and looked beyond their close formation, hunting off southeast in the way from which Joe Wheat would come. But off there and on behind him the land stretched empty and flat. He brought his eyes around slowly to hold a fixed gaze on the back trail toward the distant humps of the Wichita range. That emptiness was too good.

So far away that at first he hardly caught it, looking like a part of the brown earth, a darker spot of brown was moving.

He yelled and crooked his arm at the dragmen. They jumped their mounts into a run toward his side of the point. Quarternight loped around to him. Moonlight Bailey and young Jim Hope began to drive the leading horse herd back.

He waved the wagons over, and under that pressure of mules and horses and men the point began to swing. Gradually four thousand longhorns were turning back upon themselves, until they made a great letter U. And then the gap closed as the leaders joined the drags. There had been no confusion to give them a scare. They milled only a little and came to a stop in their compact pool. It had taken perhaps ten minutes' time.

Watching east, he had seen the dark spot grow in size, coming on swiftly in these minutes.

"John," he said, "you're an old-timer at this. What would you say?"

"Take it easy," Quarternight answered. "Set like we are. They'll have to do their fancy ridin' first. If they get too close we can outtalk 'em some ways off." His Springfield - Allin lay across his knees; an eager brightness shone in his puckered old eyes.

They sat with men spread out at intervals on either side, the two wagons close behind them, the horse herd bunched between the wagons and the cattle. Like that they formed a line facing the direction of attack, a line that could shift around the pool of longhorns if the Indians swung.

He turned once and saw that Clay was backed against Joy's wagon seat, making himself her guard. Then his buckskin's little black-tipped ears pricked up, swinging forward. He felt the animal's heart pound beneath his leg. Even the horse knew these were Indians, somehow, from a mile off.

He wrapped his reins around the horn and drew his rifle from its scabbard. A cool fascination gripped him, like the thing you felt when you watched the rippled movements of a snake. They made a sight, no longer a solid brown. Their mounts were streaked with red and yellow. Naked, painted bodies and black heads lay close to the horses' backs.

They came on at a steady trot, knee to knee in a widespread line.

"Ain't that a show!" Quarternight said. "Cheyennes, sure enough."

"How many you figure?" he asked.

"Some less than a hundred. Not near what you were told."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indian BEEF

by HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

WNU RELEASE

Personal

Superior Judge Raymond McIntosh of Sierra County will hear a trial in the Nevada County court house today. He was here last Wednesday to hear a case. The judge conducted a case in Auburn early last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Taylor and son passed through Nevada City recently enroute to Beerkeley from Downieville where they visited with Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Taylor. George Taylor and family have spent the past two years in Climax, Colo., where he was employed as a dust control engineer. He will now be engaged in the state industrial hygiene engineering department.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lusk and daughters of Penryn passed through this city enroute to Downieville after a two year residence there. Lusk has accepted work with his brother, M. F. Lusk.

Mr. and Mrs. Buryl Burkhart of upper Boulder street have purchased a ranch in Mariposa county and plan to move there to make it their home. They have resided here three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Rogers have returned from Idaho where they spent some time and are now at the home of her paretns, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Douglass.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuffman and son came up from the bay district and spent a two day vacation in this city.

Miss Henrietta Jacobs, local P. T. & T. operator is home from a vacation spent with friends in San Francisco.

Adrian Torpie is here to visit his parents. He has been employed in the ship yards in Richmond as a marine electrician. His brother, is now employed at Bishop.

Mrs. Lester Hubbard and son Jimmie, have gone to Long Beach to visit her husband, Lester Hubbard, chief petty officer third class.

Miss June Laird left Nevada City June 3d for Alameda and started work last Monday in a war plant. She will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tyhurst and daughter.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jurkovich received a July Fourth greeting from their son Bill Laird, U. S. marine in the South Pacific. It said. "The marines aboard the U. S. S. Phoenix wish you a joyous 4th of July. May victory be ours this coming year". It was sent May 21.

Donner Lake Resort, closed for two years because of war conditions, is now stripped of its furniture. George Carter and Earl Holbrook have purchased all the furnishings for resale. Everything movable that belonged to the resourt is now stored in a local warehouse.

Mrs. Marc Edmonds and her two daughters leave today for their new home in Berkeley. Marc Edmonds was recently transferred from the Tahoe National Forest to the regional forest office in San Francisco.

BORN

BLODGETT—In Nevada City, Nevada County, June 8, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Blodgett, a son.

DOUBVILLE—In Nevada City, Nevada County, June 8, 1944, to Lt. and Mrs. Arthur W. Doubville of Grass Valley, a son.

WHITE—In Nevada City, Nevada County, June 9, 1944, Pfc. and Mrs. Loyd E. White, a daughter.

JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder at the thinking
We'll be required to do,
When peace comes bringing problems
That are difficult and new.
Can we catch the larger vision
Of a world where all are free,
And write a shining chapter
In the book of destiny?

I wonder at the wide diversity of thought which surges into our minds, in response to the oft repeated phrase, "winning the peace." Many recall the days that followed the last world war—the wild celebrations in honor of the armistice, the long, disappointing struggle to regain a "normalcy", which had ceased to exist and a "prosperity" which was always "just around the corner."

Some of us are recalling America's decision to shut herself away from the rest of the world, anr have no part in the formation of any alliance which called for cooperation in the establishment of enduring peace.

Many important lessons have been learned since the close of the first world war—lessons which may prevent the sad mistakes of yesteryear and chart a safer course for all of earth's tomorrows.

The phrase "winning the peace," is a pleasing one; it suggests something easy of accomplishment. In this, we must not be misled, for it will in reality be a mighty task, involving time, labor and above all, right thinking. There will be great need of infinite patience, tact and courage.

Creative processes are evolutionary in character and long periods of time are required for their consummation. Winning the peace will be just another step in the gradual unfoldment of human relationships. It cannot be speedily taken and the challenge it presents, will try men's souls—of that there can be no doubt.

The evolution of human relationships bewan in that unrecorded period of time when the first family chose a cave in primordial rocks and set up a crude system of house keeping.

Family groups combined to form clans, followed by tribes, held together by a community of interests and governed by laws formulated for the protection of tribal safety and security. After long years states were established, finally nations were born, whose long, turbulent history led us to a time when a great American dreamed a dream of liberty and left these words as a guide for all the years to come. "A nation cannot exist half slave and half free."

And now to us, comes the greatest challenge of all time. This little planet which is our home and in which all are fellow travelers cannot exist half slave and half free. There have been those who, in the past, painted for us a picture of a woorld at peace. If we have caught the vision, we will find the courage and the faith to live in amity with all peace living peoples and to unite with them in the determination that at no future time shall evil men destroy or pollute he temple that we build.—A. Merriam Conner.

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT

I saw the powers that fashion man
Bend over a cauldron of brew,
And what they did as they labored there,
I'm now revealing to you.

They poured in a measure of Irish blood
And portions of French and Dane,
Then tossed in a strong, bluff English heart
From over the bounding main.
They added a pinch of Spanish pep,
To give the concoction verve,
A goblet of Italy's wine of joy
And a wee drop of Scotch reserve.

They said, "we will mold his essential form
On the old, conventional plan,
But from many races and many types,
We will furbish our New World man.
Sometimes well give him a Roman nose,
And Scandanavian hair,
And his dreams, his courage and faith, we'll choose
From many a land over there."

They stirred in a Norseman's sturdy will
And the German love of self,
Then added reason, and daring and hope,
Ambition and loce of pelf.
They poured in a beaker of old world pride
And hate of the tyrant foe,
And thickened the mixture with good and bad,
From sources both high and low.

Then they stirred the conglomerate brew again
And fashioned it into one,
Then, gazing with pride on their handiwork,
The dried it in liberty's sun.
The creature spoke as he looked around
He boasted, "I am a Simon-pude,
Red blooded—American."

So don't you be scorning the Frenchman, lad,
The Irish, the Scot or the Jew,
For ingredients used in the making of them,
Are part and parcel of you.—A. Merriam Conner.

WITH OUR BOYS IN GLOBAL WAR

Miss Madeline Himes—

Mrs. Grace Himes of this city Saturday received a letter from her daughter, Madeline M. Himes, Red Cross worker, now in London. Miss Himes wrote: "London is marvelous and I am enjoying my stay here tremendously. This is the kind of adventure one dreams of and never expects actually to happen."

Raymond Zollers, Radar Operator—

Raymond Zollers, son of Mrs. G. Zollers of this city is a radar operator in the U. S. navy. He is in the New Guinea area according to a letter received by his mother Friday, the first two months. He sent her a piece of Jap invasion money and or English paper money.

Captain John Sbaffi—

Mrs. J. Sbaffi received a letter from her son, John, during the past week end in which he stated he had now risen to the rank of captain. He is in U. S. infantry and still in Italy. John has been in service three years on March 3 of this year. He has spent 21 months overseas. He was in North Africa until Christmas time and then sent into Italian territory.

Cpl. Henry Toccalini—

Cpl. Henry Toccalini, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Toccalini is in the New Guinea area where he has spent two months. He is in the personnel department of the armored division of the U. S. army. He sent his mother an Australian pound, paper money.

Carl Cramer—

Carl Cramer who has just received his medical discharge from the U. S. Navy spent Thursday night in Nevada City enroute to Washington with his sister and father to look after their property interests there. Carl was wounded when United States forces landed at Salerno, Italy, while naval boats landed the soldiers. He received the Purple Heart. He was also in the North African war zone. Carl was born and reared in Washington where his father conducted a store many years. The father, sister and Carl came over from Oroville, Thursday. The sister is employed as a clerk in the court house n Oroville. Fire in Washington several weeks ago damaged their property to some extent.

Everett Robinson—

Mrs. Kate Robinson received a splendid picture of her son, Everett Robinson Thursday and he looks to be in excellent health. He is in the SeaBees and somewhere in the South Pacific.

Lieut. Col. Celio—

A picture of Lt. Col. Gove C. Celio of Nevada City has been presented to the Nevada City Chapter of Red Cross and was hung in the production room on Wednesday. Lt. Col. Celio is pictured standing near Mrs. Betty John, wife of Col. Henry John, now serving with the U. S. Medical Corps at Fort Bragg. The picture was taken at a Red Cross Club in England.

Ned J. Mellott—

AN AIR SERVICE COMMAND STATION, (Somewhere in Egland) —Pfc. Ned J. Mellott of Rt. 1 Box 501 D Grass Valley is now overeas with the Engine Rejair Section of an Air Service Command depot "somewhere in England."

Allison and Packard Merlin engines are disassembled and given complete overhauls by the skilled technicians of this section. In addition they manufacture dies, parts, jigs, and fixtures which are needed to meet the ever changing demands of aerial warfare.

Pfc. Mellott is one of the men recently commended by Lieut. Gen. Carl Spaatz, Commanding General of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe, when production at the depot was increased by more than 100%.

Mount Shasta City until 1924 was known as "Sisson's" after J. H. Sisson, pioneer postmaster, hotel keeper and mountain guide.

Mexicans May Aid In California Dairies

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—Trained Mexican nationals may alleviate the shortage of dairy workers, which, according to Sam H. Greene manager of the California Dairy Council, is so critical that daily production from more than 11,000 cows is affected.

The WFA and farm labor offices of the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of California say that recruiting facilities in Mexico have been asked to supply the help and that any Mexican recruited would be assigned to the most critical areas.

The milk workers shortage is said to be greatest in the counties of Ventura, San Diego, Riverside, Humboldt, Marin, Sonoma, Kern, Kings, San Joaquin, Tulare, Sacramento and Yuba.

WOMEN COPS IN S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—San Francisco women, who have taken their places in almost every wartime walk of life, are going to branch out into a new field, that of 'cop" on the beat.

Sixteen patrol positions with the local police department have been opened to women, to be filled through civil service.

The lady cops will soon be helping to direct downtown traffic, garbed in chic blue uniforms, the department announced.

San Francisco Issues Circular On Fleas

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—The San Francisco Health Department has issued a leaflet on the control of fleas, largely for the benefit of newcomers to the city.

Fleas are an old story to most Californians, many of whom have acquired an immunity to them, but residents of the intermoutain country, making the acqauintance of the varmints for the first time, are baffled by them.

The health department leaflet obligingly lists remedies and solutions calculated to control fleas, on man, beast and around the home.

DRUNKEN DRIVER FINED

Graham C. Clapp, resident of the Newtown district between Grass Valley and Nevada City, pleaded guilty to driving while intoxicated and to damaging a parked car without attempting to notify the owner. Justice of the Peace Charles Morehouse fined him $100.

The police stated that Clapp drove into a car belonging to Cpl. George Feroah, who is spending his furlough here.

MINSTREL SHOW

The Laymeth Club of Grass Valley will hold its last dinner of the spring this evening in Wesley Hall, adjoining the Methodist Church. Oakland Johns will retire from the presidency and W. B. McClard will assume the post.

Following the dinner, there will be a Court of Honor for the Boy Scout troop sponsored by the club, and later a minstrel show which members of the Rebekahs have planned. The silver offering taken at this event will be used to defray the cost of the bowling alleys which the club has recently installed.

RAINBOW GIRLS

The Nevada City Chapter of Rainbow Girls will meet tomorrow evening at 7:30 o'clock for the last session before the summer vacation. Miss Helen Butz, worthy advisor will preside. Two candidates will be initiated. Masons and members of the Order of Eastern Star are specially invited to be present.

The "San Luis" was the first American warship to enter San Francisco Harbor in 1841.

Serve with the Navy's
MEDICAL CORPS!

Become a
NAVY NURSE

The Navy Nurse Corps offers you the opportunity to serve your country with recognized professional standing as a commissioned officer in the Navy. The Navy Nurse serves in base hospitals overseas and in the United States, on Naval transports and Hospital Ships, and in Hospital Corps Training Schools. The present Naval expansion has caused an urgent demand for more and more Navy Nurses. If you are a registered nurse between the ages of 21 and 40, single, and in good health—you are needed.

APPLY: Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., your local Red Cross Nurse Procurement Office, or 703 Market Street, San Francisco.

GREYHOUND SERVES, TOO

Greyhound provides transportation for all branches of America's military forces, including Navy Nurses and Hospital Corps Waves, on duty . . . on leaves and furloughs.

Practically every camp and training center throughout the country where service men and women are stationed is served by Greyhound, and often we are called upon for special emergency service in transporting wounded of both Army and Navy to military hospitals.

We are proud of our important war work on the home front now and are planning a new era in bus transportation when victory is won.

Join the WAVES HOSPITAL CORPS . . .

America's pioneer women loaded guns for their men in the struggle to establish our continent. Today the Navy's Medical Department needs your help in "keeping as many men at as many guns as many days as possible." As a Hospital Corps WAVE you will help our disabled fighting men to regain their health and speed them back to active duty . . . release male corpsmen for vital service in combat areas . . . help to shorten the war . . . lay the foundation for a post-war career.

The need is urgent . . . if you are between 20 and 36, feel temperamentally suited to humanitarian service, are not engaged in essential war work . . . you can fill an interesting and specialized job in the Hospital Corps. Previous experience unnecessary. Apply today at any Office of Naval Officer Procurement or Navy Recruiting Station.

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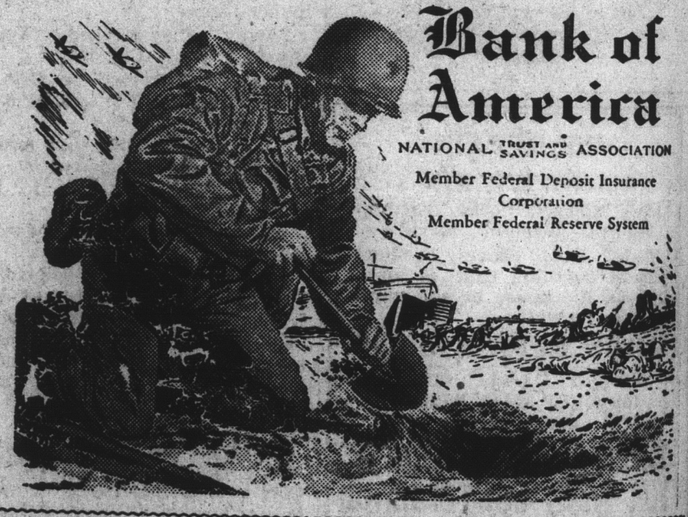
"War Bonds are a double-barrelled investment. They buy the stuff that helps us win the Victories. And they pay you back $4 for every $3 when they mature. So dig deep, pal! Buy double during the 5th War Loan Drive."

And don't forget War Stamps. Have you a partly filled album? Remember that you can exchange when filled for an interest-bearing War Bond. Just bring it to Bank of America.

5th War Loan Drive June 12 to July 8
★ Total Goal 16 Billion Dollars ★
"Buy more . . . double what you bought before"



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